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Scarborough Fair

Traditional

Can you make me a cambric shirt
Alday ral de lock es lock el
Without any seams or fine needle work
Alday ral de lock es lock el

Can you wash it in a well
Alday ral de lock es lock el
Where water ne'er ran nor ever fell
Alday ral de lock es lock el

Can you dry it on a thorn
Alday ral de lock es lock el
That never was seen since adam was born
Alday ral de lock es lock el

Can you find me an acre of land
Alday ral de lock es lock el
Between the sea shore and the salt strand
Alday ral de lock es lock el

Can you plow it with a hog's horn
Alday ral de lock es lock el
And seed it all down with one peppercorn
Alday ral de lock es lock el

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather
Alday ral de lock es lock el
And bind it all up in a garland of heather
Alday ral de lock es lock el

When a fool has done his work
Alday ral de lock es lock el
He may come to me and get his shirt
Alday ral de lock es lock el

--
A modern version
(music)

> Are you going to scarborough fair?
> Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
> Remember me to one who lives there,
> For she once she was a true love of mine.
>
> Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
> Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
> Without any seam or fine needle work,
> And then she'll be a true love of mine.
>
> Oh will you reap it with a sickle of leather,
> Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme;
> ...

--

Two verses of another version

> Choose when you can an acre of land
> As every plant grows merry in time
> Between the salt water and the sea strand,
> And then you shall be a truelover of mine.
>
> Plough it up with an old ram's horn,
> As every plant grows merry in time
> Sow it all over with one grain of corn
> And then you shall be a truelover of mine.

--

Yet another version
(music)

Where are you goin? To scarborogh fair.
Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to a lass that lives there,
For once she was a true love of mine.

And tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Without any seam or needle work,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

And tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Where no water sprung, nor a drop of rain fell,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn,
Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Which never bore blossom since adam was born,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Will you find me an acre of land,
Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Between the sea foam and the sea sand,
Or never be a true love of mine.

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Quote of the moment:

Always remember to pillage BEFORE you burn.

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